

THE COUNTRYMAN's Garland;

In Two PARTS.



PART I.

Country JOHN's unfortunate Ramble to London,
Or, The Tricks of a Town Jilt,

YOU young men that down in the country do
Come listen a while to my song fir, (dwell,
While my sad misfortune to you I do tell;
I'd not have you think the time long fir,
I liv'd in the country as sweet as a rose,
Till providence urg'd me as you may suppose,
'One day in hurry I pack'd up my cloaths,
And so I came trudging to London.

When I came to London that famous fine place,
I view'd the steeples so high fir,
Such people before I ne'er 'ee in my life,
Lord how they did hollow and cry fir,
Here are fine Squiff-boxes fit for your nose,
Some crying artichokes, others old cloaths,
I thought as fir they'd been calling our cows,
They made such a racket in London.

But as I stood staring with my trunk at my back,
I being both cold wet and weary,
One came up to me, and ask'd what I lack'd,
She was dress'd up as fine as a Lady.



I turn'd me round and look'd in her face,
Dear madam, said I, I do want a place,
She smil'd upon me, with a simpering grace,
And bid me right welcome to London.

She said in the City I have a good friend,
That wants one to wait at the table,
If you'll stay a while, I will for him tend
And do for you what I am able,
Strait into a Tavern away she did pack,
I follow'd her with my trunk at my back,
She call'd her maid betty likewise her man Jack,
They both bid me welcome to London.

Miss betty cry'd madam, you know I am sick,
Therefore if John is but willing,
To carry this basket, we'll come again quick,
For his pains I will give him a shilling.
My brains being drowned in brandy and sack
I hoisted the basket upon my poor back,
An' I both together thro' the city did pack,
I thought it rare living in London.

She went by my side as demure as a mouse,
(Did ever man see such a whore fir,
She carried me down to the constable's house,
And bid me to knock at the door fir,

I rapt at the door and the constable came,
And the child in the basket begun to moan,
I look'd o'er my shoulder, but Betty was gone,
Then I wish'd myself safe out of London:
Said I, here's a present. He said, Who sent it?
At that I began to look blue fir,
It's no matter, said I, for my pains I'm content,
He cry'd out, but that will not do fir,
He pull'd a painted staff out of his pocket,
And about my poor ears he did lustily knock it,
Besides he did call me a souce plate, and blockhead,
And this I got by coming to London.
The basket was ty'd up as fast as may be,
Which added much to my vexation,
And in it, God knows, was a pretty baby,
Which put the man into a passion,
A pot full of pottage they threw in my eyes,
The people did hollow, the bastard did cry
And I wish'd myself in my own country,
I was weary of living in London
I went to the tavern, the place where I drank,
But neighbours if you will believe me,
The lady was gone, and so was my tunk,
Thought I the devil go with thee.
Which put me in such a passionate rage,
I lost all my cloath, and seven years wages,
Which I work'd so hard for at old Mr. Page's,
This I got by coming to London.
The very next morning without any dodging,
My troubles came thicker and faster,
I to Bridewell was sent to beat hemp for my lodging
To maintain myself and the bastard



And for a twelvemonth I daily did beg,
'Till I had neither shoe or stocking to my leg,
With the brat at my back I was forced to beg,
And this I got by coming to London.

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PART II.

The Jilt paid in her own Coin; or Count
JOHN's Revenge for the Trick she had shew
him

ONE day as I was begging in Bishop's gate street
It being in sad rainy weather,
There with Mrs. Betty I happened to meet
And the old whore both together,
Now I'll be reveng'd on the old whores,
For this was the time to pay off their scores,
So I followed them home into their own doors,
For then I was acquainted with London.
Thought I, my purpose they shall not prevent,
If they do the devil must be in it;
Without more delay I for a Constable sent,
And he came with his staff in a minute,
I call'd for assistance, and sized them strait
And then to the people the tale did relate,
They laugh'd at the frolic and my sad fate,
And said I'd had fortune in London.
As the Constable he was a stirring these punks,
Dear neighbours as I am dinner.
I slept in the chamber, and here stood my trunk,
It was placed just under the window,
My cloaths were gone and my money likewise,
But believe me I met with much better prize,
It was full of good linnen p'ers and coifs,
I thought it good booty in London.
A pair of silk breeches laid on the shelf,
With a gold watch and rings in the pocket,
Said I, these are like to fit me but myself,
And put them strait into my jacket.
Both topknots and laces I pilged good store,
My breeches were fill'd I could cram in no more,
While the whores were scolding I slip't out of door
And away I came jogging from London.
I scamper'd away as fast as I was able,
To be going I was very willing,
The brat I left crying under the table,
Just like a young pig that was killing,
The constable served his want on them,
And unto new-bridewell he did carry them,
Where they may beat hemp till the de'l fetches them
For I'll never go more up London.
You young men that live in the country so sweet,
I'd have you to please your own masters,
And never go up to the city for fear
You meet with such like c'sters,
For London's as sharp as the ge of a knife,
The city is fill'd with fiction and strife,
Boys, nothing so sweet as a country life.
So let those that want wit go to London.